SO CORNELL'S GOING BOLSHEVIST! . . . By Edmund E. Day

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Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

VOLUME XXVII No. 10 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1944 FIFTEEN CENTS

IS THERE A CASE FOR JAPANESE LITERATURE?
by Addison Hibbard

"WILL BRITAIN GO DEMOCRATIC?"
by Norman Angell

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP"
by Ludwig Bemelmans
Reviewed by Phil Stong

"PEOPLES OF SOUTHEAST ASIA"
by Bruno Lasker
Reviewed by Colonel Carlos P. Romulo

"FROM SHAKESPEARE TO JOYCE"
by Elmer Edgar Stoll
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

"ORDEAL BY BATTLE"
by Cyril Falls
Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt

The reading of a Japanese theatre manager, from an early print by Toshiusai Sharaku. Japanese literature is almost wholly concerned with nobles and warriors. (See page 5)

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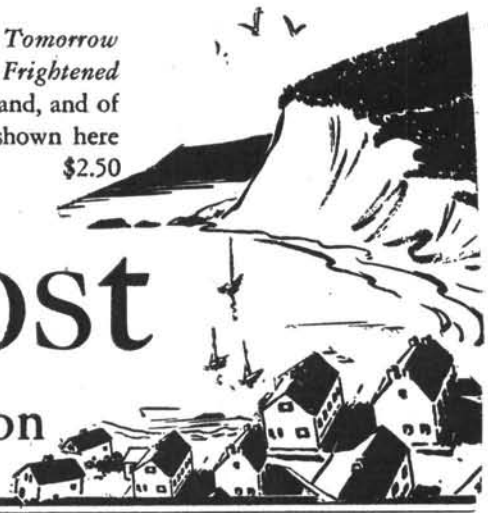

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By E. Arnot Robertson

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The Saturday Review of Literature

March 4th, 1944

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Is There a Case for Japanese Literature?

A Report on the Nipponese "Classics" by an American Educator

ADDISON HIBBARD

CIRCUMSTANCES have recently prompted my reading some forty or fifty books important in the literature of Japan. Because my five years' residence in that country, decades ago, found me more interested in people and what they were doing than in the study of the formal language, this reading has, necessarily, been confined to translations.

If, then, some scholar objects that this reading does not qualify me to speak about the whole corpus of Japanese literature and argues that the generalizations which follow are based on a third-grade knowledge of the language thirty years ago, the point will be readily granted. The reading offers, however, a fair sampling of representative books which scholars have thought worthy of translation and incorporates volumes from ancient and modern writing in the fields of poetry, fiction, history, and drama.

The American who writes on this subject today must keep constantly in mind two dangers: that he will allow his prejudices against an enemy people to influence his critical judgment, and that, as an Occidental, he will bring to an alien and somewhat strange literature the standards and conventions which his reading in European languages has made the familiar furniture of his thought. In the summary which follows I have tried to fight both of these tendencies.

* * *

The first conclusion the reader reaches is that Japanese literature presents no great mind. Not only is there no Plato or Aristotle, but there is no Rousseau or Goethe, no Shakespeare or Milton. The scholarly group in Japan, those who have perhaps worked most in the realm of ideas, were the *kangakusha,* and yet this school of writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries spent their time largely in mulling over Chinese philosophy, passing on what they thought good for their people and condemning doctrines which they found unpalatable. Among them possibly the most distinguished was Arei Hakuseki—is it symbolic of the extent of this foreign influence that at the age of three he was found copying out Chinese ideographs?—and yet Hakuseki's greatest contribution is conceded to be a history of the daimyos from 1600 to 1680. Not an original, not a great teacher in the group. Such philosophy as there was came as a reflection of Chinese and Indian thinkers, of Confucius and Gautama Buddha, of Taoism and the various suttas. Their Shintoism is their own, certainly, but Shintoism offers no moral code and its importance is chiefly ritualistic.

What is true of the field of religion or philosophy is equally true in the realm of politics and government. There simply are no important teachers whose ideas have—or ever will—dominate Japanese thought or, much less, spread its influence to neighboring lands. The motivation for their most popular writing the Japanese find in a mythological history and legendry rather than in adventures of the mind. Intellectual power is lacking. Intelligence they have, but their philosophical concepts are grafted growth borrowed from India, from China, and, in early days, even from their hated Korea. By ingrained habit a people trained to follow authority, they have staked out no new territory for human thought, have pioneered no new paths to god-head or government or education.

* * *

In fact Japanese literature reveals a people which moves formally and which acts by code. The seclusion which the Japanese followed as a foreign policy essentially fixed their civilization. It is as though Europe had never known a manner of conduct or life other than that of classical Athens or Rome, or of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Paris or London. As classicism in European literature of certain periods meant form and convention, as it implied a self-satisfied perspective on life, so it has almost always been in Kyoto or Nara, in Kamakura or Yedo. Isolated from the outside world, Japanese civilization and conduct and thought froze both in act and in expression.

—From "The New Order," by Arthur Szyk.
Japanese soldier, circa 1944.

Honor? Yes, plenty of it if it means revenge, or suicide when caught in a misdemeanor, or dying for one's lord, or selling one's daughter into prostitution to protect one's fortune. Chastity? Certainly, the sort of chastity which cherishes the sanctity of the home by suppressing the wife and by building a prosperous Yoshiwara where heads of families and of government may conduct their business amidst the amenities of attractive and legalized prostitution. Respect for the social graces and appreciation of the beauties of nature? Yes, in the formalities of the tea-ceremony, the ritual of harakiri, or the conventions which dictate the arrangement of flowers.

Lest the reader conclude that I have forgotten that I am writing of the character of these people as revealed through their literature, I invite attention to the "Genji Monogatari," the most famous of romantic novels (1004 A.D.), to the dramas of Chikamatsu Monzaemon (late seventeenth century) whom the Japanese, somewhat mistakenly I think, refer to as "the Japanese Shakespeare," to the famous revenge story of the "Chiushingura" which is as much a part of every schoolboy's reading as is the account of Washington's crossing the Delaware to every American boy. I am aware that three titles hardly justify one in proclaiming the qualities of a civilization, but in these fifty books I have been reading revenge, war, illegitimate love in prose vie with the cherry-blossom, the maple leaf, and the snows of Fuji in verse for honor as dominant themes of literature.

Yet with all this concern for formalized conduct, Japanese literature reveals little which can be considered a real code for moral conduct. Shintoism, the indigenous "religion," preaches

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respect for one's ancestors but demands little from one living in the present. Confucianism and Buddhism, each with moral fibre capable of giving character to a people with no set religious conviction, have never taken firm hold upon the Japanese in the sense that Mohammedanism has controlled the actions of the Moslem world or Christianity is presumed to have molded occidental conduct. It is as though in the United States today we paid respect not simply to the various Christian sects but found Mohammedanism, Confucianism, and Buddhism all contending, rather anemically, for converts. The result is that the Japanese people and their literature are dominated by the concepts of medieval knighthood and the canons of Bushido. The warrior, the Empire, the Mikado—upon these, consciously or unconsciously, literature confers the honors most people reserve for deity or master teacher.

* * *

Japanese literature lacks force and power. With all their wealth of lore and legendry tracing their descent from the sun-god and sun-goddess, they have no epic. The "Kojiki," or "Record of Ancient Matters," the first book written in the language and completed about 712 A.D. covers, like Homer, the early dawn of civilization, but as reading it is disconnected, sketchy, and dull—to the Japanese as well as to the American. Making all the allowances one must for the loss of vigor which comes through translations, particularly of books from so alien a civilization, the foreign reader is rarely moved emotionally. Character is static. What Lord Genji is at the beginning of a five-volume novel he is at the end, an urbane and cultured libertine. Or, to turn from fiction of the eleventh century to Kikuchi's popular novel, "Victory or Defeat," of the twentieth, we find a different milieu but still a group of characters who are, at the end of three hundred pages the same human beings they were on page one. In my reading of Japanese literature I have found no Medea, no Hamlet, no Faust.

The literary genius of the Japanese —and they have much—finds expression in short verses, the *tanka* of thirty-one syllables and the *hokku* of seventeen. In the drama this same incapacity for evolving character, for sustained effort, presents itself. Although it is true that some of their plays shame "Strange Interlude" in the number of hours they require for presentation, the most finished dramatic form is the *Nō* drama—poetic interludes which in translation run only to five or six pages. The Japanese are as economical in their writing as in their living. They carve a cherry-stone

An actor print by Toyokuni, one of the three master artists of last decade of the 18th Century.

with marvelous intricacy and infinite suggestion. But a Michelangelo's David is beyond their imagination or power.

* * *

Japanese genius, I believe, lacks humor. There are humorous books in the literature of Japan—few of them however as yet translated—but I refer here to that natural humor which insinuates itself casually in Horace or Molière, in Boccaccio, or Shakespeare. From my reading of translations, which, I repeat, may give a distorted impression of Japanese literature as a whole, it would seem that while there are out-and-out pranksters of the breed of Rabelais the chuckling fun of Chaucer, for instance, is uncommon.

One of the best of the humorists is, I understand, Jippensha Ikku whose "Hizakurige" I want to read largely because of the merry departure from life which Ikku is credited with making. According to this story, Ikku, about to die, called his friends about him and commanded that his corpse be burned without the usual ceremonies of preparation and that, before his body was placed on the fire, certain packets which he distributed among his friends be scattered, unopened, about his clothing. His injunction was scrupulously carried out. Soon after the flames of the pyre licked at his body, there were quiet explosions. Shooting stars filled the air. The packets had contained fireworks.

* * *

Japanese literature presents little or no evidence of a democratic spirit. Indeed, in the "Manyoshiu," an anthology of verse known as the "Collection of One Thousand Leaves," edited in the eighth century, a love song is reproduced because of its great merit, but it is printed with this footnote: "The name of the composer of the above song is not given because he was of obscure rank." (Let's see; wasn't Aesop a slave and Keats's father the manager of a livery stable?)

The four major castes in Japan were the nobles, the warriors, the farmers, and the merchants. Yet the concern of the literature of the Empire, so far as my reading goes, is ninety-nine per cent with the nobles and warriors. Farmers, when they appear at all, are country bumpkins, ignorant and stolid, and the merchant class makes satisfactory villains. A particularly apt butt for literary ridicule is the merchant who presumes to wear the two swords of the samurai. Not until 1868 and the reign of Meiji and the "opening" of the empire to foreign commerce did this attitude toward the class system give evidence of deterioration. In these recent years, of course, Japanese literature has tried out everything: new verse forms, rhyme, the modern theatre, and even democracy and communism. But this, at most, is the experimentation of seven decades against the tradition of twelve centuries.

Perhaps a personal experience may be intruded. Thirty years ago when, fresh from an American university, I took up my residence in Japan, I was promptly waited upon by the police. Would I be so good as to fill in the blank which they handed me? I have forgotten all the questions on that blank but one: "Of what class are you a member?" I knew the right answer was not "Wisconsin, '09," but what did it mean? Certainly I was no noble or warrior, nor was I a farmer or merchant. I wrote in "first class" and let it go at that.

* * *

The dominant mood of Japanese literature is romantic. The richest fields of writing are in the fields of folklore, the *monogatari* or narrative romance, the *Nō* drama, the *ningyo-shibai* or doll theatre, and verses in the *tnaka* and *hokku* pattern. The first four draw their inspiration chiefly from the adventures of the past, historical and legendary, and the last two are intensely personal and emotional—and what is the romantic mood if it is not concern with the past and with the expression of personal emotion? The reader who does not know Japanese literature at all will have read Lafcadio Hearn and met this romantic spirit in his "Kwaidan" or his "Ghostly Japan."

This, however, is not to say that there are no realistic touches in the romances and narratives of old Japan. In history and play and fiction, details are given which are surprising enough

(*Continued on page* 22)

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"Will Britain Go Democratic?"

Or: Will Americans and Englishmen Ever Learn to Speak the Same Language?

NORMAN ANGELL

A FEW days before the arrival of Wedgwood's posthumous book, "Testament to Democracy," * this reviewer found himself seated at dinner beside the dean of a Middle Western university. During the course of the dinner the Dean said to the English guest: "Is there any possibility that after the war Britain will become a democracy?" The guest asked the Dean to develop this a little. In what respect was Britain failing to develop democracy? Whereupon the Dean dwelt upon the poverty of the common man in Britain; the fact that "government is in the hands of a hereditary ruling class, the wearers of old school ties," so that "the working class is in its power"; the fact that "there exists a rigid caste system, with titles, butlers, servants." "Why, we in America," said the Dean, "cannot pronounce the word 'servant' without gagging and hesitation." And then, of course, empire. Why were not India, Palestine, Ireland granted their freedom?

Listening to this indictment, the Englishman recalled the fact that only a year or two since the president of one of the greatest universities in America had declared dogmatically, on the strength, he averred, of some statement of Eden's, that Britain was not, had never been, and probably never would be a democracy.

These incidents were naturally recalled by the opening passage in this book of Wedgwood, the rebel, the philosophical anarchist almost; which runs thus:

> It is my settled conviction that British parliamentary government is better than any other method of government, better than any other variety of democracy, and better now than it ever was in the past.
>
> At the same time it has never been more bitterly attacked, not only abroad but at home. It is assailed by fascists from the right, by communists and even by socialists from the left; from the right as dangerous; from the left as cumbersome. Yet, insomuch as this war is one of conflicting principles it is being waged for or against parliamentary government.
>
> Whereas fifty years ago our form of government had spread and was developing throughout the whole civilized world, it is now beaten back —out of Asia, out of South America, out of Europe—back to its original home at Westminster. If one listens to talk in our clubs, or messes, or common rooms, one may indeed fear lest "our finest hour" should be also our last.

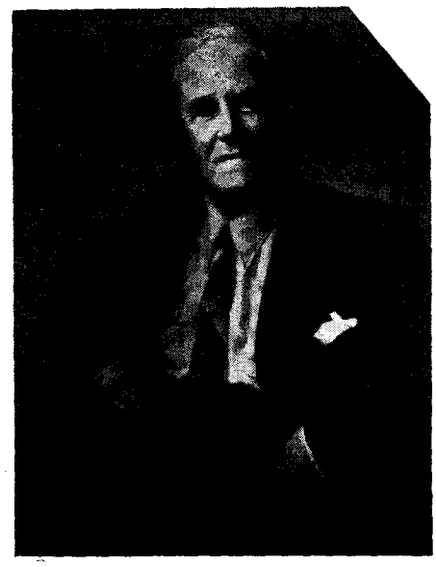
With such an opening, the reader of the book might assume that he was about to embark upon some one-sided or complacent and self-satisfied, conservative, and Blimpish defense of all things British. Instead of which, a large part of the book is devoted to a fierce and bitter indictment of British policy in many parts of the world (notably in Palestine, for Wedgwood was a passionate Zionist) and the sharpest possible criticism of many aspects of British government. But Wedgwood saw, what some of our Leftist intelligentia in their lust for criticism refuse to see, that if we are to benefit by experience at all we must take account of the successes as well as the failures of a policy, a government, or a philosophy. Otherwise our judgment is not on facts, but on a distortion or caricature of them.

A GOOD deal more than "pleasant Anglo-American relations" is involved. The whole character of the post-war world will depend to a great extent upon a better understanding by each of the English-speaking nations of facts heretofore largely ignored.

As this reviewer listened to the Dean and remembered the President, he was, for about the hundredth time, struck by the incompetence with which Britain has told her story to the world, so that even men of education and sincerity seemed to get only a part of it.

Take the Dean's points. Poverty, yes, as there is poverty elsewhere. But the workers of Britain, one of the most densely populated countries in the world—so densely that its soil will not feed its people—have for the best part of a century enjoyed the highest wages of any country in Europe, while their government has developed in the last half century a social security system against poverty more complete than that of any other country in the world; with a trade-union organization superior both in unity and efficiency to that of any other country in the world. If comparison were made in these particulars with, say, republican and revolutionary France, "reactionary" Britain would come out a long way ahead. The caste system did not stand in the way, even three-quarters of a century since, of a Jew becoming Prime Minister (could one have become President of the United States?); nor later in the way of the son of a Welsh workman, brought up by a village cobbler, from becoming the Prime Minister during the course of the First World War, he being succeeded—twice—by the son of a Scottish servant or working-class girl; while members of the government today include an ex-truck-driver and men who come from working-class homes, sons of working-class fathers. ("I entered politics at the age of eighteen," said Herbert Morrison, son of a London policeman, "and I have been a member of the ruling class ever since.") This "caste ridden oligarchy" is the only country in the world, outside another British Dominion where twice within the last quarter of a century the government has been handed over to organized labor, to the political instrument of the trade unions. In the midst of war, a popularly elected chamber has, from one day to another, removed one government and set up another. The country, which, we are told, is "dominated by the lords of finance," is one in which its biggest big business is not a capitalist business at all but the great coöperatives, established a hundred years ago by working-class men, run since by working men, steadily growing in power. What have the "dominant lords of finance" been doing to allow it?

But the view of Britain as a caste-ridden and caste-governed country



Lord Wedgwood

**TESTAMENT TO DEMOCRACY. By the Right Hon. Lord Wedgwood. American Chapter, Emergency Council of Great Britain, 55 Leonard Street, New York. 1943. 357 pp. $3.75.*

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seems as unshakeable as ever. At this moment the government of Britain is one in which the ex-truck-driver and trade union leader, in charge of the administration of the National Service Act, issues orders to the duchess to take up work on a farm or scrub canteen floors; or to the Eton boy (who may be the duchess's son) to prepare to become a coal miner and go down the pit just like any other miner. That same government, headed by the grandson of a duke, has now abolished all ducal incomes (there are not threescore persons in the whole country whose incomes now exceed twenty thousand dollars after the tax-gatherer has got through with them) and all ducal scales of living are out. As to the status of the servant, it is obvious on the face of it that it is very much easier in Britain than it is in America for most servants to rise out of the servant class and assume social equality with the employer. For the simple reason that in America the majority of servants are colored and in Britain they are not. (Incidentally, one of the great British generals of the First World War began life as a butler.)

Empire and commonwealth? Had they not existed Britain would have gone down after the fall of France in 1940, and that would not have been particularly good for Russia, when she was attacked; nor for India, who could not have been defended; nor for China, whose liberation will be effected largely by using India as an American base from which to do it.

Wedgwood does not deal except inferentially with the points just cited. His case for British democracy is based on the proposition that it makes, with all its defects, for the steady improvement of the men and women who compose it, and the human qualities, he insists, can flourish only under such a system, a system of freedom, debate, government by reason, trial and error. He is little impressed by the dictatorship claim of efficiency. He points out that the dictator fans take little account of the quality of the human material dictatorships produce. "The authoritarian, whether crypto-fascist or doctrinaire socialist, does not accept the perfectibility of human nature; or the virtues of reason and freedom; or, in fine, the supreme merits of British parliamentary democracy. He calls ever for coercive action, not for debate; for obedience, not for thought. Marx and Mosley, Pollitt and 'Colonel Blimp,' are at one with an infallible Pope or an efficient dictator." He enters into detailed analysis of the working of political parties, government agencies, bureaucracy, the political caucus, all based upon forty years' experience of Parliament and its working. Those concerned with constitutional devices will be interested in his analysis, although they certainly will not always agree with some of his conclusions, which are often very unconventional, challenging alike the Tory and the Socialist. The book closes, curiously enough, with a strong defense of the House of Lords as it now exists, a chamber virtually without power even to delay legislation, but with considerable influence upon public opinion because the men who make it up can in a political sense afford to be completely independent: they are not seeking reelection, they are not afraid of offending constituents. Any rationally devised constitution would, Wedgwood implies, make provision for just such a house or counsel of elder statesmen whose position enables them to say what they damn please, particularly when what they have to say is very unpleasing to the public. Those concerned with Palestine and India will find both light and heat. But the interest and value of the book reside in the fact that it is the thinking aloud of an English parliamentarian who has stood all his life for a certain attitude of independence, of criticism, of courage, which goes to make up what an American historian has called "the Anglo-Saxon spirit." Winston Churchill has written a few lines of Foreword to his "old and gallant friend." He was also an old friend of this present reviewer, who sat beside him in the House of Commons for some years and worked beside him for considerably over a quarter of a century.

The Splendor of General Erosa

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP. By Ludwig Bemelmens. New York: The Viking Press. 1944. 299 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE last years of a simple but somewhat exotic sybarite are described here by Mr. Bemelmans in a story that has the casual narrative manner of "South Wind" and not a little of the feeling and quality of that great book.

General Leonidas Erosa is an enormously wealthy Ecuadorean whose pleasant intention to spend his later years in a villa in Biarritz is interrupted by the menace of the Germans. He leaves France in elegance but less elegance than he would have chosen if proper shipping had been available. He has a great deal of essential nobility and the simple, grand manner to go with it, but his precious taste in wine, women, and food is always getting him into some petty difficulty during his episodes of spiritual grandeur—real ones and also the ones when he is posing for some artist in a Napoleonic attitude. That is about all the basic conflict there is in the book, but the invaluable and cantakerous French chef serves about as well dramatically as Cyrano's nose.

The General's (the title is honorary) other cross is a lady named Miss Graves. He has once had the indiscre-

tion to rescue her from suicide by drowning. As a reward for his heroism and subsequent generosity he anticipates what seems to him the lady's natural reward. Each of his overtures gets nothing but the reply that if he had left her in the river she would be all right. Also, Miss Graves is still determined to end it all, in spite of jewelry, orchids, and a cuisine which, as detailed by the author, will leave most of us vaguely unhappy for the rest of our impecunious lives.

The General will not allow Miss Graves to leave his menage only in small part because he hopes that she will weaken but principally because he really is generous and hopes sometime to see her smile. The party, General, chef, Miss Graves, temporary inamorata, etc., pause for a time at a New York hotel which sounds like the Plaza, where Miss Graves attempts suicide only once, but the chef is obstreperous most of the time. After an interesting sea voyage, during which the General nearly starves because he is at outs with the chef, they all reach the palatial estates which the hero rules more absolutely than any emperor but far more generously than most.

Here the General finds a new mistress and a sense of being permanently oriented in existence; his meals, however, are alternately divine or intolerable, as the chef has been allowed to rule the place or not. "Slave to his stomach" is not an applicable phrase, for the hero has his great moments, but the victories of his poetic moments are not cancelled by his pretense that the chef's whims are too trivial to contest.

The real victory comes with the elimination of most of the party by earthquake and the General by epil-

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epsy. He is reincarnated as his own half-breed son, a baby whom the Indians admire and flatter and feed, and who has no Miss Graves and no French chef with whom to contend.

Mr. Bemelmans is not a gentle satirist. This country has taken pains and a good deal of money for European refugees in distress, but as this story has it, no one is more indifferent to the distress of refugees than refugees who are not in distress. The subsidiary characters in the New York scenes dine at twenty dollars a plate and permit the Devil to take the hindmost. They got out in time, and why should they worry about compatriots who were silly enough to keep their fingers in a bursting dike, till they had to flee, nearly naked, from the flood.

This book is strong acid on the rotting decadence which is flying into this country on golden wings—the smart babies who got out in time. A strong dose of Max Nordau and Income Tax is prescribed. I had the doubtful pleasure of dining with two French Modernists who told me simply that America had no art of any kind. I suggested that the country cashed checks.

Mr. Bemelmans has certainly seen these people close-up and he is giving us the same warning that was in Nordau, Briffault, and Aldous Huxley—whose approach to the American scene is similar to that of Bemelmans. Americans are magnificent in creation; when they imitate they go to France, and get into the spirit of our country by swaggering before waiters.

Mr. Bemelmans's fine sense for sense, in color or flavor, and his characteristic, ironic humor fill out a very rich book, that is more important than it pretends to be.

21 Windows on English Literature

FROM SHAKESPEARE TO JOYCE. By Elmer Edgar Stoll. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1944 442 *pp. with Index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

DR. STOLL is, among literary critics, the Dr. Johnson of our times. He has the same massive common sense, a similar talent for clear and appropriate phrasing, a like generosity of temper to all except the charlatan and the insincere, and the same delight in battle with those critics he believes to be mistaken. Also, like Dr. Johnson, he is impatient of the fantastic, especially the fantastic in criticism. He is in the great central tradition of literary criticism —the tradition to which such different minds as Lowell, Matthew Arnold, and George Saintsbury belonged; the tradition so brilliantly defended by Mr. van Wyck Brooks's Oliver Allstone.

Dr. Stoll is best known for his admirable, searching analysis of Shakespeare's plays and his crusade against those critics, best exemplified by A. C. Bradley, who remove the character of the plays from the play and write of Falstaff, Hamlet, Macbeth, or Othello as if they were actual living men. His principles of criticism are stated with excellent conciseness in his preface to this new collection of essays. He holds that

> a work of art does not (miraculously) change as the criticism changes, that there is meaning (either sense or a consistent nonsense) in poetry (or it isn't poetry), that there is truth in criticism (or it isn't criticism), and that the criterion for this is the conscious or unconscious intention of the author.

Now while I always have found myself, and in reading this book am more than usually inclined to be, in agreement with Dr. Stoll rather than with his opponents, I think this statement is a little too absolute. "A work of art does not change (miraculously) as the criticism changes": this seems an axiom, yet it ignores a fundamental truth. No work of art exists until there is an observer; and we have no certain means of knowing what an unseen painting, an unread poem is really like. The artist can observe it; true, but usually not as an observer. Of course changing criticism cannot alter a work of art; but the critic is only a representative observer, and the reception of the observer is, in a sense, a part of the work of art. Let us assume that Shakespeare, as well as the audience of his day, thought Shylock a comic figure: those, who, watching Henry Irving's performance, could not but think him tragic, did not alter the play, but proved by their reception that there was more in Shylock than had been thought. More than Shakespeare meant? That we can't say; and Dr. Stoll would guard himself, presumably, by his reference to the "unconscious intention" of the author. I doubt if an author can have an unconscious *intention;* his work can produce an effect other than he intended, but this is not quite the same thing.

—From "A Literary Journey Through Wartime Britain."

I more than once discussed this problem with W. B. Yeats, when I was excited by his suggestion that Shakespeare was not really an admirer of Henry V and quoted (the essay is in "Ideas of Good and Evil") the dialogue between Henry and his French bride on the son they will have, the son who is to be a great warrior and who was really the mild Henry VI. Had Yeats really read Shakespeare's mood in that exegesis? Yeats went on to develop the thesis that great poets are in touch with and may be controlled by a cosmic wisdom, of which many of them remain formally unaware. "Blake knew that Isaiah visited him: but other poets, who do not know it, are in touch with *Spiritus Mundi,* and there are spiritual beings who wait to inhabit the men and women a poet creates, and give them something of their life, so that the characters in a poem may be more, or other, or greater than the poet ever dreamed."

But there, whether there were anything in this or not, the fact remains that the best critics will always be those who, as Dr. Stoll says, quoting Pope,

> will read each work of wit
> With the same spirit that its author writ.
> In every work regard the writer's end. . . .

even though they may then have to show that the author has somehow been forced to write other than he intended. I suppose the capital recent instance of this is Strachey's "Queen Victoria," where a man who came to sneer ended, however grudgingly, in the production of a eulogy all the more impressive because of the original intention and the strong signs of it in the essay.

"From Shakespeare to Joyce" is so rich a feast that I can do little except point out the variety and excellence of its contents. There is an amazing freshness and vivacity in all the essays on different Shakespearean problems; nothing in Shakespeare fails to excite and interest Dr. Stoll, and nothing he writes about Shakespeare can fail to interest and excite the reader who loves Shakespeare. He does for Shakespeare the poet and dramatist what the late W. J. Lawrence did so wonderfully for the theatre of Shakespeare's time; he goes back, with incredible ease, into the time of the poet and, if I believed in metempsychosis, I'd swear he was on the stage of the Globe when Burbage shook the

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boards. His best criticism is entirely unspeculative; and that is one reason why it has come as a tonic to readers harried by the biographical and psychological criticism of Georg Brandes, Frank Harris, and others.

Of the twenty-one essays in this book nine are on Shakespearean themes, four on Miltonic, one—an exquisite piece of Browning's "In a Balcony." There are two on "Literature and Life," two on "Poetry and the Passions," a fine study of "Heroes and Villains," from Shakespeare to Dickens; and a most excellent exposure of a great wilderness of loose thinking is called "Psychoanalysis in Criticism," pivoting on Dickens, Kipling, and Joyce.

Perhaps the greatest of Dr. Stoll's gifts as a critic—it is conspicuous, too, in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and was eminent in Saintsbury—is a fundamental humility. Oh! not to other critics, nor to rubbish written in any style; but to this great material. He is impressed by the sublime, the lyrical, the lovely, the dramatic in literature and he is content to write of masterpieces, and enoble those of us less well-read and less alert than he to understand and to share the noble enjoyment to be had in the spectacle of great art. That is his intention: can a critic have a better one?

The Tumult and the Shooting

ORDEAL BY BATTLE. By Cyril Falls. New York: Oxford University Press. 1944. 186 pp. $1.75.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

AS the author of this book remarks, the movement of military history is not linear but cyclic. It returns perpetually to almost the same point before advancing, and the operation of the cycle has now brought the actualities of war back like homing pigeons to the region where Clausewitz found them. To the region, be it noted, not to the point; there would be no reason for the present volume if Clausewitz were fully applicable today. But since the time of "the only philosopher of war" (Captain Falls's description) several things have happened.

Karl Marx has happened, for example, and it is necessary to annotate any general considerations on war from the economic side, which Clausewitz only vaguely adumbrated. Mahan has happened and seapower, of which Clausewitz never caught a glimpse, must be somewhere fitted into the structure. Finally, there is the fact which Falls loyally refrains from mentioning, but which every reader of the prosy old German has encountered—that Clausewitz is an intolerable bore, whose purist ideas are drowned under gallons of ditch water and couched in a Prussian General Staff jargon that is repulsive in any language. It was time that someone set out to do a little straight thinking on the general subject of war and to put that thinking into straight language. Captain Falls has undertaken the job.

He does it by accepting war (like Clausewitz) as a fact of life as eating breakfast is a fact—a fact whose moral aspects can be left to another hand. The question is—being involved in war or its near prospect, how does one win it or make the prospect so unattractive to the opponent that he will recoil? In considering this question Captain Falls travels from the region of high policy right down the line to tactics.

To cover so much ground in a work so brief is an amazing performance, especially since it is so well written that anyone can read it with interest and so clearly written that the average citizen can read it without a glossary. In the course of the process the Captain gives some pretty hefty thumps to sacred cows, both from the military and the non-military herds.

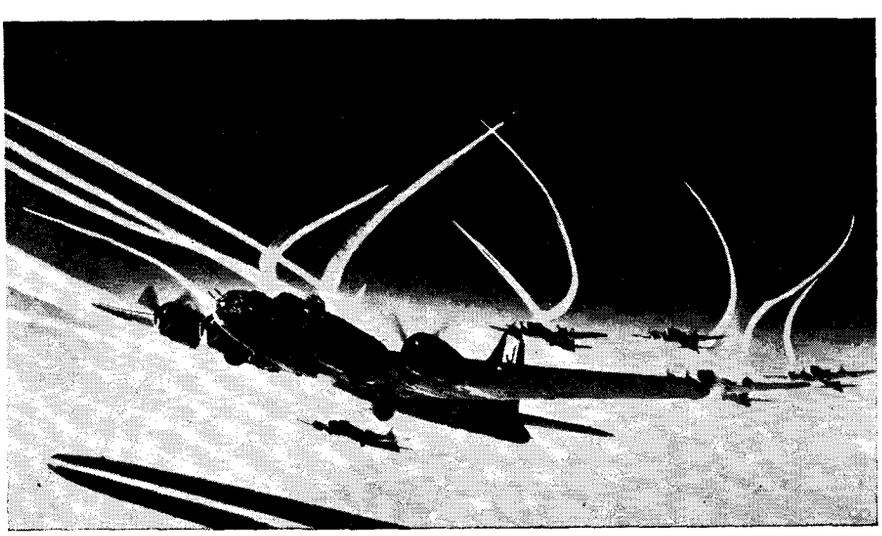
Those famous "principles of war" which staff colleges are always jabbering about make a good instance. Marshal Foch used to talk about the "principles" of economy of force and of liberty of action. What if one opponent has more of one, while the second has more of the other? No previous writer on war, not even Clausewitz, has made it so clear that the famous principles are less absolutes than abstracts for which the soldier must search as the artist does for beauty.

He points out also that strategy, dearly-beloved sacred cow of the war colleges, does not let down quite so much milk as she might. The greatest strategist of World War I was Conrad Von Hötzendorf, the Austrian, who failed utterly because his strategy was not ratified on the field of battle. Captain Falls describes better than anyone else the part high policy, the action of the government as distinguished from its military arm, may play in war; and he is the first to note that one of the specific weaknesses of democracies in war is their general failure to control the wages of labor.

Yet at the same time there is so much evidence of haste and carelessness in the work as to call for an annotater on the annotater. It is apparent in small details—Captain Falls knows perfectly well that there was no war between Germany and Russia in 1870 (he says there was); and that there was certainly tactical surprise of a high order in Livy's battle against Hasdrubal at the Mutoris.

And it is apparent in greater things, as when he holds that with the coming of air power a single ministry of war controlling all arms is probably a necessity in any country but a Hitlerized Germany, where it is obtained automatically. This may be true but the evidence is not all in, and what evidence there is contains contrary suggestion—exactly the evidence of Hitler Germany. The collapse of the German Navy can be traced to the wounds it received when a large part of it was spent in the Norwegian campaign and the decline of the Luftwaffe dates from its defeat over London.

This suggests that unified control should take place on the level of high policy; but the suggestion comes from the reviewer on the basis of the book and not from the book itself. Yet it is a stimulating book, a thoughtful book, one of those books which are precursors, upon which more thinking and writing can be done with profit.



Portrait of a vapor trail over Europe. From a life canvas by Flying Fortresses.

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Fellow Builders of a New World

PEOPLES OF SOUTHEAST ASIA. By Bruno Lasker. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 288 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
COLONEL CARLOS P. ROMULO

BRUNO LASKER is to be commended for the high purpose that animated him in writing this volume. His aim is to introduce the Asiatics to America as "our fellow workers in the building of a free world," and the last sentence in the book calls them "our comrades."

His motive is noble and it is unfortunate that he fails to live up to it in his approach to his subject. He had an excellent opportunity to present to the American reader these little known peoples of Asia as people. He could have blazed a new trail and emancipated himself from the cut-and-dried style of presenting nations as generalizations lost in the composite picture of ethnic, climatic, and statistical aggroupments. He did not. The result is a tin-type photograph of diversified tribes, stiff, lifeless, remote.

It is not Bruno Lasker's fault. There is evident throughout the whole book a sincere attempt to do justice to these Asiatic peoples. There is an apparent honesty in his opinions and judgments. There is friendliness in his appraisal of their problems and their future. But Bruno Lasker is part and parcel of an attitude and of a state of mind that is prevalent in our white world of today. He tried vainly to free himself from it.

What is that attitude and that state of mind? Mr. Lasker describes it himself in the following words:

> . . . In tropical Asia, Occidentals who look to the future of human relations are handicapped by ignorance and also by a cultivated misunderstanding. . . . We have accepted the most reactionary European colonials' appraisals of lands and peoples. . . . Our travellers and exhibitors, motion picture producers, and fiction writers have taught us to regard the most primitive tribes as representative of populations composed of many millions of hardworking peasants. . . . In short, our remoteness and our appetite for romantic nonsense have not permitted us to know what the brown and yellow people of the world are really like. . . .

One would wish that these lines were at the beginning and not at the end of his book. He could have used them as his text and been guided by them. As his concluding paragraph, it sums up what he really succeeded in doing, despite his good intentions.

Let us take his treatment of the Filipinos, for example. He is fond of quoting anthropologists as his authorities. In a book of 288 pages, he devotes to the Philippines and the Filipino people a total of not more than eighteen scattered pages, most of which are passing references to the country and its people. Such occasional references consist mostly of allusions to the wild tribes of the Philippines, the 650,000 Moros and the 200,000 Igorots, and other non-Christian groups—an undue emphasis on six per cent of the total Filipino population, which, according to the latest census, is now 17,000,000. This is just as misleading and unfair as it is to introduce the Hopi, Navajo, Sioux, and Iroquois Indian tribes as the American people.

In his chapters "Impact of the West," "Conflict of Old and Young," "Fires of Discontent," and "Birth of Nations"—so beautifully named and yet so inadequately handled—what a wonderful opportunity Bruno Lasker let slip through his fingers to write about American-Filipino collaboration, the story of America in the Philippines, the story of the Filipino people emerging from colonialism to political independence. It is incomprehensible—unpardonable even—to omit any reference to the soul-stirring developments in the history of a people that once hated America intensely, that fought America for four years, and then, when the hour of danger struck for the American flag in the Philippines, rose to fight side by side with the American soldiers to defend that flag—all because America had treated these people as fellow humans and had set a date for their freedom despite militant opposition in some powerful sections of the American mainland, by vested interests in some cases and by so-called cultural councils and institutes in others. Because the Filipinos cast their lot with America and fought to the death in Bataan and Corregidor, their homes were burned and destroyed by the Japanese invader, their countryside ravished, thousands of civilians killed and maimed, and 21,000 Filipino soldiers left in nameless graves in Bataan.

And yet, Bruno Lasker says didactically: ". . . relatively few of them have had the chance to enter into active fighting or even to defend their homes against the common enemy." I should end this review here.

But let me add this: Let us not forget that the peoples of Southeast Asia are human beings and want to be treated as such by the Western writers, not as mere anthropological specimens for study or as economic potentialities for exploitation, or as curios to be exhibited. Anthropology, economics, statistics, geography, have their place in the description of a people. But we want more than that. We want friendship. We want sympathy. We want depth. Let us have less of the bizarre and more of the commonplace, the commonplace that is drawn out of the daily lives, the grievances, the aspirations, the ideals, the sufferings of the common man. The two-dimensional portrayal of peoples breeds antagonism, ill will, hatred. It will not make of them "fellow workers" and "comrades."

A report has just reached this country of the death in Budapest, from a heart attack, in December, 1943, of Zsolt de Harsanyi, Hungarian author. Among his books were "Immortal Franz" a novel about Franz Liszt, 1937, and "The Star Gazer," a fictional biography of Galileo, 1940.

—*From the book*

Singapore Children

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So Cornell's Going Bolshevist!

The "Strange" Case of the Russian Courses

EDMUND E. DAY

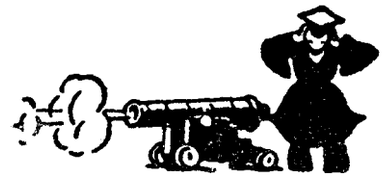
EDITOR'S NOTE: During the last few months recurrent articles and editorials have appeared in *The New York World-Telegram,* charging that the courses on Russia given at Cornell University were being taught by instructors with communist or quasi-communist affiliations or sympathies; that Cornell was being used as a spawning ground for Muscovites. *The Saturday Review* has invited Dr. Edmund E. Day, president of Cornell, to state the University's position. The following article appears in response to that invitation.

TO wake up and find the good name of your institution aspersed in the columns of a metropolitan daily is an unpleasant experience. It does not matter whether the attack is provoked by a scientific statement that oleomargarine is as good as butter, or by the academic decision that the time has come for Cornell students to know something about Russia and its people. College faculties do not mind publicity when it is friendly. But when it is unfriendly the quiet atmosphere in which they normally work suddenly becomes very dear to them. But more disturbing than the faculty is a small minority of alumni who suffer terribly from nervous anxiety when their alma mater is pulled down from the serene heights on which their adolescent imaginations had placed her.

An educational institution under fire is likely to follow a simple—perhaps even a simple-minded—line of action. It puts its cards on the table, and answers truthfully and fully the questions that are put to it. Then it sits back confidently expecting that the truth will prevail. Unfortunately, sometimes it does not. The journalist with a point to prove is apt to pounce on the cards, mark them, shuffle them, deal them from under the table, and give the institution a hand with which it cannot possibly win, no matter what the merits of its case. At such a moment, a college president finds it hard to believe that "truth crushed to earth," etc., and he wonders a little dolefully whether freedom of teaching and freedom of journalism (as some journals practise freedom) are really compatible.

Having just emerged from some rough handling, I have a suggestion to make. There should be a law compelling every university or college of standing to go through a gruelling attack every once in a while. The intervals should not be too far apart. The law should further provide that the attack be by a strident feature writer on a crusading paper that is out to save the world or, to be more precise, to remake it in its own image. That is the only way to be sure that things are going to be mixed in the proper way, with plenty of moral overtones, tribal patriotism, and quotations out of their context. The idea is to get enough witch-hunting so that men on the campus feel crucified and angry. A little righteous indignation clears the moral atmosphere.

This is not the first time that tempests have beaten upon Cornell. There was a time when the charge of godlessness was brought against the institution, and when Andrew Dickson White wrote his fine "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in



Christendom," which students may still read with profit. The advantages of hostile criticism are real. The discussion of educational policies is given point and vigor. Teachers are reminded forcibly of the vital link between school and a living, working society, a link which they are apt to forget in the even tenor of teaching and research. Their faith is tested, so that there finally comes the moment of exhilaration when the mind is once again clear to perceive that a principal obligation of any university is a certain fearlessness about the knowledge which it professes and the end which it pursues.

All education has two functions which stand in a paradoxical relationship to one another. They are the functions which Christ enjoined upon Peter—to bind and to loose. In any subject, whether it be history, or literature, or physics, a leading aim of instruction is to acquaint the pupil with the principles of organization, methods of interpretation, and the canons of taste, upon which a knowledge of the subject is based. In a democratic society, concerned with the education of all of its young men and women, it is furthermore essential that pupils at all levels receive a clear and sustained knowledge of the organic nature of the nation, of its common history, its formative influences, its triumphs in the past, and its hopes for the future. These are comprehensive obligations which no educational institution can avoid or resist without disaster to itself. During the whole of the nineteenth century this function of binding men together in a common historical and political bond was very outstandingly the central purpose of American education, conceived in the largest sense. The decision of the Civil War to maintain the unity of the new nation was carried on in the innumerable schoolhouses which received the immigrant masses and gave them shape and purpose. This is the sense in which all educational effort is itself bound and in turn helps to bind.

YET it is obvious that an educational effort concerned exclusively with tradition, household gods, the wisdom of the elders, and the authority of even the most illustrious dead, will soon stiffen into tribal tyranny. That is why a vigorous educational system has at all times the opposite function of emancipating the mind of its pupils, young and old, from decayed concepts, misleading principles, narrow loyalties, so that they may live and work realistically in their changing world. To perpetuate and to create—these are the two duties that make teaching at once so arduous and so worthwhile. Education is always a double effort to be adequate to the present generation and adequate to the generation that is to come, to transmit the truth which we have already achieved and prepare for the new knowledge that is being discovered.

> This is the use of memory:
> For liberation. . . .
> From the future as well as the past. . . .
> . . . History may be freedom. See, now they vanish,
> The faces and places, with the self which, as it could, loved them,
> To become renewed, transfigured, in another pattern.

Ideally, one might say, there should be a nice balance between defense and offense, between the "home guard" and the men who go out into the exposed salients of their subjects or beliefs. In practice, however, the balance is not so nicely maintained. In society itself the pressure for change

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too frequently piles up behind the obstacles of conservatism and vested interest until relief is sought through rebellion, civil war, foreign wars, depression, or strikes.

In our own present generation it seems that we face a frightening accumulation of beliefs, habits, patterns, and institutions that call for redefinition, modification, and in some cases even denial and destruction. Look at a few of the great issues on which our young men and women are going to have to take a stand when they reach maturity: capital and labor, the jolting machinery of government, race conflict, America's strategic place in the post-war world, America's attitude toward China, toward Russia, toward broken Japan and defeated Germany. Can we face any of these problems in the spirit of 1939? Assuredly not. And everyone of these problems has become directly or indirectly the concern of the universities and the colleges.

Cornell University is not the only institution through whose classrooms the wind of fresh enterprise is blowing. The stimulation of Russian studies (inaugurated at Cornell several years before Pearl Harbor) is one of a number of undertakings and experiments aimed at making teaching and research adequate to the post-war world. Students are learning the Russian language, and last summer a selected group of students was given an intensive course in Russian civilization. Cornell University also welcomed the opportunity of giving training in Russian language and institutions to a contingent of Army trainees. For its pains the University was accused of indoctrinating its students and trainees with communist propaganda.

Cornell has answered its critics by reaffirming its decision to go on teaching students about Russia, which means also that the students are going to learn something about communism. An institution that puts the history and institutions of Soviet Russia in its schedule of courses faces the problem of an effective teaching staff. For a generation American university education has neglected what we now recognize to be one of the greatest phenomena of modern history—the political and industrial organization of Soviet Russia. However we explain the neglect—many institutions found the subject too hot to be handled with comfort—the result today is a serious shortage of academically accepted scholars in the field of Russian affairs. Those who achieved competence in Russian affairs were often men who were attracted to the communist experiment, and whose sympathy gave them access to information and experience they could not otherwise find. To whom then should an institution in need of instructors in Russian history or economics turn? To exiles for whom Russia has become all but a foreign country? The answer is obvious: A university must, by its very nature, aim at the highest standard of knowledge available, precisely because its ultimate purpose is to make available a yet higher standard of knowledge.

We put guns and grenades into the hands of young soldiers without any fear that they will use them against their homes, for we know that they will use them to gain the ends upon which their nation is agreed. It is part of the respect we owe to our youth to deny it no knowledge that will enable it to bear, as it will bear resolutely and willingly, and in the enduring tradition of freedom, the weight of the world that is descending upon its shoulders.

People of the Mountains

THE GREAT SMOKIES AND THE BLUE RIDGE. Edited by Roderick Peattie. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1943. 372*pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THE old Smokies, greatest mountains in the American East, have been waiting a long time for this best report ever made about them and about the high hill people in their valleys and coves. More writers in the past lived nearer the punier mountains of New England. Later writers have written about the Southern Appalachians, which include the Smokies and the Blue Ridge, with both sensationalism and sentimentality. But here is a book which provides a beautiful report on magnificent mountains and is conceived in understanding and appreciation of the people who have kept old patterns of language and living in their inaccessibility.

The inaccessibility is gone now. There are roads to the highest peaks. The most remote cove is not far from the concrete. The radio comes in and decades ago the city salesman began to act as middleman for the lumber companies which conceived of the forests not as a crop but as a mine. New outsiders have also succeeded those first Northern missionaries who undertook to substitute "jerry-built hymns" for mountain ballad and carol. Strangely, perhaps with increasing accessibility, there is also return to the crafts which were almost forgotten as store-bought articles were brought to every cross roads from Knoxville, Cincinnati, and Louisville.

—From a woodcut by Clare Leighton in "Southern Harvests."

"Far be it from me," writes John Jacob Niles in his chapter on ballads and carols, "to add support to those investigators who would give the impression that every mountain man speaks Elizabethan English and sings in the modal scales. The people of our mountains have too often been pictured as unrealistically as the shepherds and shepherdesses in a sixteenth-century pastoral romance."

There is no such treatment in this book but that does not mean that the impossible task is undertaken of reducing the mountain people to any American norm. Their ballads can be traced to Elizabethan sources. Some vocabulary does go back to Chaucerian words and forms. The queer, curt, human diary of old Jacob Carpenter, which Alberta Pierson Hannum has used as the basis for her splendid essay on the mountain people, reveals the character and quality of folk who persevered and whose habits and traditions were preserved on a frontier which did not disappear as other frontiers opened further west.

Roderick Peattie, as editor, has brought together in this book information about every aspect of this mountain country, its geology and its history, its magnificent flowers and forests, its climate and changing seasons. The whole is presented not merely as a book to be read but as the basis for travels to be made. The mountains are no more tangible than the American faith that plenty of gasoline will be available again. When that time comes those who go to these wonderful, waiting mountains can go better and more delightfully informed by this book than ever they could go before.

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ANTIDOTES TO "MEIN KAMPF"

WILL anyone deny that we need a book that is going to mean as much for the cause of the coming peace as "Mein Kampf" has meant in a negative sense to the present war? Americans are ready for it. They are waiting for an Idea. This doesn't mean that they are wandering around the streets, eyes wide open, pleading for someone to tell them what to do. It means that they know that when they try to look beyond the war they are looking at a blank wall. Yes, we know about Stuart Chase's new book, and Walter Lippmann's, and Wendell Willkie's, and the others. These books are important but they don't rise to the tremendous heights required by the times. Think of Thomas Paine and his meaning to the America of 160 years ago; think of John Milton and his meaning to a world still rubbing its eyes from the long sleep of the Dark Ages; think of François Voltaire and his meaning to a people struggling to find the eloquence that goes with the cause of freedom—think of these writers and survey the contemporary field for a writer with a comparable meaning for a world that is trying to understand the meaning of changes that have speeded up scientific, industrial, and global development by perhaps a hundred years while they have left the world standing on the same spot intellectually and psychologically.

Where is the writer who will catch the minds and hearts of countless millions, someone who can tell them what has happened to the physical world they are living in, someone whose message will appeal to *all* of them and not merely to any single one, someone who can give them confidence in a family future?

True, we have had books which have been concerned with global themes, but *the* book, the book with a message to burn into men—this book has yet to put in its appearance.

Until such a book comes along, then, we shall have to get along as best we can with what we have. This is not intended as a slight against the six books I am about to list. Though none of these books may be a mover or shaker of millions, their message, if read and understood by enough people, can be of real service. I have limited the list to six books, not because I believe these are the only books of value today, but because it is too easy to allow a selection such as this to Topsy along until it becomes a comprehensive catch-all of perhaps a hundred or even a thousand books, which, while it might have the advantage of some measure of thoroughness, suffers the inevitable drawback of becoming a list of titles to look at and perhaps to choose from and not a list of books to *read*. Here, then, are six books for Americans to read—six books which make no pretense to being a cure-all but which are seriously needed by Americans today:

1. "The Federalist"—because it shows and proves it is possible for many states and many peoples living in a related geographic area to work out the form of an over-all government; because it is an answer to cynics and scoffers today who not only shrink from the job before them but who are actually turning their backs on the future; because it provides a history lesson highlighting the failures of past groups of states to rise to the heights of federalism when their geography demanded it.

2. "The Complete Jefferson," a new anthology assembled by Saul Padover, containing Jefferson's major writings—because it is as valuable for the substance of government as "The Federalist" is for the form of government; because it gives you a chance to become acquainted in the fullest and richest sense of the word with one of the most versatile and wisest of Americans; because, although Jefferson lived at a time when foreign entanglements could be avoided and although some twentieth century troglodytes will probably point to Jefferson as an argument for isolation, the fact remains that Jefferson was a world citizen; because the deep wisdom of Jefferson is needed in the moral arsenal of democracy.

3. "The Complete Writings of Thomas Paine"—because of its courage, its incisiveness, its ability to fly in the face of the polite conventions of the day and say things that have to be said; because it can look at the world without fear or favor of or toward established institutions and hold a mirror up to them; because Thomas Paine, like Jefferson, was a world citizen and showed there need be no conflict between allegiance to America and to mankind as well; because we need today the same boldness, the same readiness for frank thinking and frank speaking.

4. "The Life and Writings of Abraham Lincoln," edited by Philip Van Doren Stern—because it can give us the inspiration we need for the biggest problem before us tomorrow—race; because it tells us things we have apparently forgotten when we go in for ideas of race supremacy of our own; because it can help us face and possibly solve the question of our future policy toward the peoples of the East—peoples who have learned the "know-how" of mass production and modern industrialization, peoples who will be on the march to democracy if they haven't achieved it already and who will want complete emancipation from outside control and interference; because its philosophy and spirit, if sufficiently understood, can help America to avoid the shame of more Detroit and Harlem riots; because it gives us, finally, a pattern of greatness.

5. "The Writings of Walt Whitman"—for much the same reasons that have been cited for the works of Paine and Lincoln; because, in addition to these reasons, it has a sense of necessary restlessness in getting on with the work of America and the world; because of its faith in the greatness of an enlightened America; because of its ability to prod and arouse; because it is tough and virile and honest and ready for whatever sacrifice may be necessary to fight back and defeat the progress-retarders that are to be found everywhere.

6. "The Writings of Heinrich Heine"—because we have to be reminded that we have no monopoly in the literature of democracy; to remind us, too, that while Nazism must be stamped out as thoroughly as you would a brush fire if you want to keep it from blazing again, we must not take the attitude that Nazism is a matter of blood; to remind us that any nation that can produce a Heine or a Goethe or a Beethoven is not above redemption; to remind us that we must look and find the spirit of Heine and Goethe to help us in the job ahead.

* * *

If these six books as a group seem to lack variety, at least they meet the dominant requirement of literature today: a fundamental utility.

N. C.

The above editorial is drawn from a paper prepared for the "Conference in Print," published in the February issue of the Bulletin *of the American Library Association.*

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Objection Offered

SIR: In Mr. George Hellman's "A New Byron Discovery" [*SRL*, January 1] there are incorrect and questionable statements. Mr. Hellman says, "Annabella, their infant in her arms, left Byron forever," and this "before a year had gone by." Lord Byron and Miss Milbanke were married January 2, 1815; Annabella left to visit her parents January 15, 1816; she did not expect the parting to be "forever," though Byron had requested that she go. On the 17th of January her mother invited Byron to join his wife and child. It was not until the second of February that Lady Byron's father suggested a separation to Byron.

Mr. Hellman says, "In March, 1816, the divorce was arranged." There was no divorce. On the 17th of March Byron agreed to a legal separation, signing the deed the 21st of April.

Mr. Hellman's interpretation of the poem itself is incomplete and somewhat misleading. The lines are obviously an attempt at rationalization. Shelley was adept at rationalizing; Byron was not. Byron preferred to parade his sins. In these lines he is rationalizing; he is trying to find excuses for having acted as he did; acting so that Lady Byron had thought him mad and had consulted doctors about him. To understand this poem one needs to have in mind Byron's letters to Miss Milbanke in 1813 and 1814; and his letter to Lady Byron in 1821. Letters to friends during the courtship and immediately after his marriage are also helpful. Byron did admire and respect Annabella; and found her different from other women. Living with her, however, was hell for him as for her; for him because she made him face his faults; her virtue made his vice conspicuous.

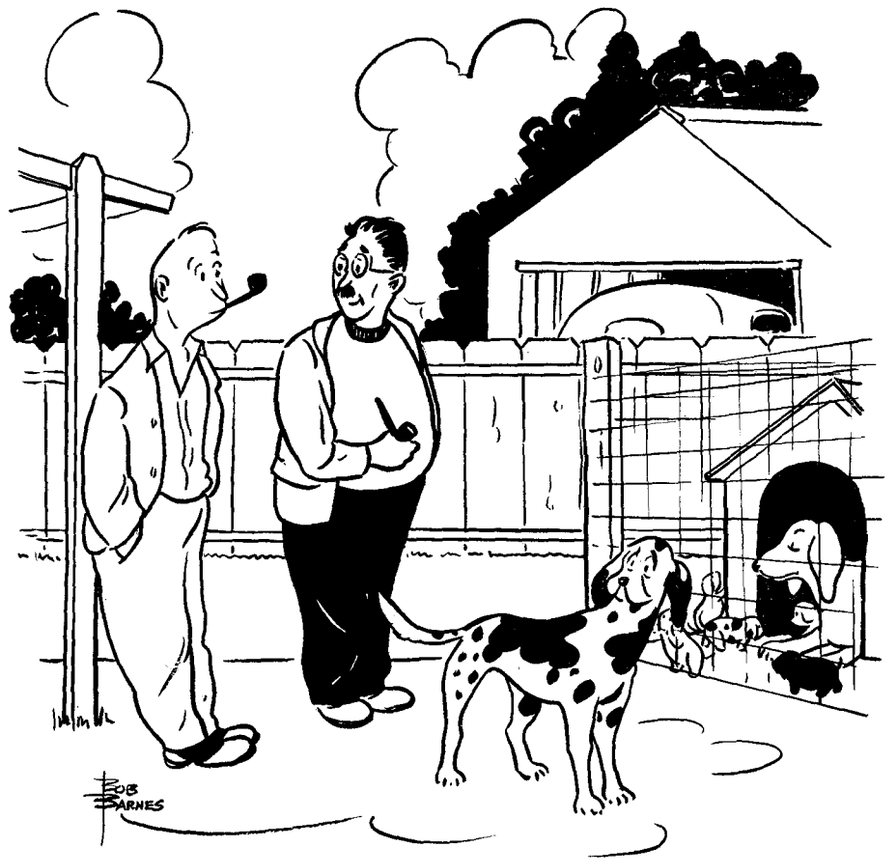
In the poem Byron says he did not love her; he revered her as a saint. But perhaps she was not a saint; could it be that she was a fiend? If so need she have left him, a fellow fiend? As a fiend she had changed him, and increased his despair. At this point he believes that as a fiend she intended to make him worse. (Certainly in the year of his marriage he was at his worst!) It is for this reason he calls her "false syren" for sirens lure men to their doom; he had thought she beckoned him to salvation. As a fiend her "just dessert" would, of course, be hell. He wishes her instead to live, to grow old and lose her beauty and her admirers (she was considered beautiful and had had many suitors), and remember him.

In short, the poem tries to say what Byron says more clearly and directly in a letter to Lady Byron in 1821:

> Yours has been a bitter connection with me in every sense; it would have been better for me never to have been born than to have ever seen you. This sounds harsh, but is it not true? and recollect that I do not mean that you were my *intentional* evil Genius, but an Instrument for my destruction, and you yourself have suffered too (poor thing) in the agency, as the lightning perishes in the instant with the oak that it strikes.

LOUISE SCHUTZ BOAS.

Norton, Massachusetts.



"He's miserable because the Army rejected him for dependency."

Mr. Hellman Explains

SIR: Of course I was chagrined to learn that the Byron verses published, with my comments, in your issue of January 1, were not "a new Byron" discovery. It is no excuse that after some preliminary investigation, I turned the research over to a student who presumably was baffled by the fact that the poem was indexed under a title not given to it by Byron. A more thorough scholar would have completed the research himself. Nor was this the sole error of its kind in my more than forty years study of unpublished manuscripts of famous writers. But as over a hundred poems, essays, and stories by such authors as Stevenson, Irving, Thoreau, Curtis, etc., have been brought to light by me, certainly no blame should attach to you for assuming that I was not in error in regard to the Byron verses.

There is, however, some slight satisfaction in having been right as to their authorship, and finding some of your correspondents wrong in believing them Byronic imitations. There is even greater satisfaction in having my theory that the poem would have been forever lost had it not been for Washington Irving seemingly confirmed, as I have only recently discovered, by Thomas Moore himself. In a lengthy footnote to the poem in the 1832 edition Moore writes that these farewell verses aroused great indignation in some quarters, while praise in others. He goes on to state that Byron did not wish to have them published, but that they came into print through a copy a friend had made. Moore, as we know, was devoted to Irving who in turn was an enthusiastic admirer of Byron's poetry. One recalls Irving's essay on Newstead Abbey, Byron's ancestral home where Irving spent three weeks in 1831. In 1832 he returned to America. One of your correspondents indicates that the poem may have been published in *The Saturday Evening Post* that very year. Is the surmise unlikely that Irving had shown the verses to its editor? In any event, would Moore have allowed anyone but his friend Irving to make the copy which I found in one of Irving's diaries? But for this copy, it now seems certain, the poem would never have appeared in Byron's collected works—and I should have been spared a blunder!

GEORGE S. HELLMAN.

New York, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

PUBLISHERS' CATALOGUES this season have the vague and elusive quality of a politician's campaign promise. Prices, publication dates, and titles themselves are bracketed with question marks and ifs and buts. New hits go out of stock a week after publication, and perennial favorites are disappearing one by one for the duration. "It was bad enough," wailed one sales-manager, "when we didn't have the paper to keep our staple back-list items in stock. Now it's getting to the point where I can't spare enough to notify the customers!" . . . Lack of paper isn't the only handicap. The binderies are turning into a first-class bottleneck. One of the cagiest bindery executives in town took a look at the thousands of printed sheets gathering a fine layer of dust in his receiving room, another at the list of broken promises to his best customers, and solved the problem to his own satisfaction at least by hopping a plane for Mexico City for an indefinite stay. . . . On the way to the airport he discovered one of his fully loaded trucks parked, driverless, in front of a bowling alley in Queens. There was a sign tacked to the rear door reading "This truck will stop for traffic lights, railroad crossings, blondes, and brunettes, and will back up twenty feet for a redhead. P. S. No riders—and no books!" . . .

DESPITE EVERYTHING, readers may look forward with reasonable certainty to the following highlights in the next few months. Somerset Maugham's new novel, "The Razor's Edge." Walter Duranty's "The Story of Soviet Russia." Catherine Drinker Bowen's "Yankee from Olympus" (a biography of three generations of the Holmes family that has been earmarked by the Book-of-the-Month Club). A new novel by Anna Seghers called "Transit" that is said to be more powerful than "The Seventh Cross." (Its locale is Marseille just after the fall of Paris.) "Perelandra," another unusual book by C. S. Lewis, author of one of last year's most original and delightful surprises, "The Screwtape Letters." "The Ghost Talks," Charles Michelson's inside story of fifteen years as publicity director for the Democratic National Committee. "Invasion Diary," by Richard Tregaskis, which sounds more exciting than his "Guadalcanal Diary." Colonel Dyess's story of his escape from Bataan. (Its present title is "They'll Never Believe You," which sounds like an old song by Jerome Kern and probably will be changed.) Novels by Kyle Crichton ("The Proud People"), Theodore Pratt ("Thunder Mountain"), Samuel Hopkins Adams ("Canal Town"), and Hervey Allen ("Bedford Village"). Ambassador Grew's long-delayed "Ten Years in Japan." Lion Feuchtwanger's "Simone" and Thomas Mann's "Joseph the Provider" (fourth and last of a great tetralogy, and another BOMC choice). . . .

THE WHOPPING SUCCESS of recent cartoon albums has spurred the production of a new crop, including "The Man in the Shower," by the reliable Peter Arno, "It's Hot in Here," by a wonderful newcomer named Virgil Partch, and "The Better Taylors," by the inspired soul who draws those lecherous females with the saucer-eyes and the pointed noses. You may remember his picture of the two lasses visiting an octogenarian in his overstuffed Victorian apartment. "Don't admire anything," ran the caption. "He might give it to you!" . . . "The Letters of Alexander Woollcott" will be a certain best-seller. They will give thousands of readers the illicit thrill of peering over someone's shoulder to gobble up something not meant for their little eyes, plus a wasp's-eye view of the secret lives of all the celebrities catalogued in the daily columns. The letters will prove anew that Woollcott combined an unparalleled talent for telling a story with an almost unbelievable lack of discrimination and restraint. His most vicious communications are, for the most part, omitted, partly because the two editors (Beatrice Kaufman and Joe Hennessey) loved him deeply, partly because the recipients were not too eager to see them in print. The first printing is 50,000, the announced date is "sometime in May," and the book may easily become the leader of an exceptional Viking list. . . . Later on, there will be new books by Richard Wright ("American Hunger"), Edgar Snow ("People on Our Side"), and Aldous Huxley ("Time's Fool"), plus the Lord only knows how many war books by heroes, generals, correspondents, and phonys. . . . I have selected only a few books that happen to appeal to my own taste. There are hundreds more on the way, many of which undoubtedly will overshadow some of the titles mentioned above. Everything considered, American authors and publishers are doing a job this Spring that deserves some sort of public recognition. The booksellers and librarians are doing their full share too. Hooray for us! . . .

A WAG IN THE St. Louis Doubleday shop refers to the new Income Tax Guide as "Lasser Comes Home." . . . Noel Coward annihilated a famous English novelist when he was in New York with "You haven't an enemy in the world, my sweet—but how all your friends loathe you!" . . . My Uncle Herbert in Vermont reports that the local movie magnate does not like the serious and arty tone of some of the new pictures. He refers to "The Song of Bernadette" as "Halo, Frisco, Halo" and complains, "How am I going to get folks out in the snow to watch Garson and Pidgeon discover Tedium?" . . . "Bernadette," nevertheless, is such a hit that Hollywood is breaking its neck to get "The Robe" and "The Keys of the Kingdom" on celluloid. To my way of thinking, Bernadette is about an hour too long. I was so paralyzed when it was over that I considered a pilgrimage to Lourdes for myself. . . . "Passage to Marseille," based on Nordhoff and Hall's "Men Without Country," is another story. It is the good old "Casablanca" formula with Bogart, Greenstreet, Rains, and Lorre up to their usual tricks. These boys have been playing together so steadily they are now known as the Warner Varsity. . . . MGM has bought a projected novel by James Hilton without even pausing to ask him what it's about. . . . Jige Schulberg, Western talent scout for Dutton, cites another incident that could happen only in Hollywood. A zealous policewoman bagged three frowsy gypsy fortune-tellers, herded them into a squad car, and laughed merrily while they predicted disaster for her. The sun shone brightly through the evidence, a sizable crystal ball, and set fire to the upholstery and her crisp new uniform. . . . Melville Cane believes she has grounds for a sibyl suit. . . .

SILLIMAN EVANS is out as publisher of *The Chicago Sun,* and his post will be taken over by the owner, Marshall Field. Mr. Field is negotiating for the purchase of an entire city block along the Chicago River, on which he plans to erect an ultra-modern publishing plant when the war is over. Gossip has it that by the time this plant is out of the blueprint stage, a weekly magazine with a circulation of over a million will be under Field ownership. . . . Doubleday is quietly amassing plates and artwork for a postwar fine-

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"It hasn't sold very well, but I'd like to know could I stand at the door and quietly give away copies."

edition department. . . . The Hooper Corporation reports that the following are the current national favorites among evening radio programs. The percentage ratings, arrived at by a series of computations too complicated for my simple mind, cover the month of January: Fibber McGee, 31.9; Bob Hope, 31.6; Charlie McCarthy, 29.2; Jack Benny, 27.9; The Aldrich Family, 26.9; Joan Davis and Jack Haley, 24.2; Abbott and Costello, 24.0; Mr. District Attorney, 22.9; Frank Morgan and Fanny Brice, 22.5; Walter Winchell, 22.4. . . . Exactly five of those ten favorites I have never heard once. I demand a recount on Fred Allen and "Information Please!" . . .

LAWRENCE SULLIVAN calls his new book "Bureaucracy Runs Amuck," but it seems to me that the author does most of the running. Books like this one and John T. Flynn's "As We Go Marching" exaggerate so blatantly in their attacks on the present administration that they defeat their purpose entirely. The only recourse in such a situation is to holler for another New Deal. A liberal weekly recently published a snide letter from a second-string correspondent insinuating that publishers were overselling all war diaries but his own by blatant and vulgar advertising. Nobody even bothered answering him. . . . Sir Lewis Morris once complained to Oscar Wilde that the press was ignoring his poetry. "It is a complete conspiracy of silence," he declared. "What ought I to do, Oscar?" "Join it," replied Wilde. . . .

CLAUDE KENDALL, of *McClurg's,* quotes this 8th Air Force story:

> We had a lot of fun last month, coming back from a raid. Over the channel, we ran into a flock of FW-190's. After potting a couple ourselves, we suddenly caught a packet, and found ourselves in the drink. Our pilot, a guy named Donald, had long been prepared for this and had always been worried about freezing, so he never went up without tucking a bottle of brandy in his Mae West. We hadn't been in the water more than an hour, when we were picked up by the destroyer. Meanwhile Donald had finished the brandy and was feeling pretty high.
>
> As we climbed on board the destroyer, the captain of the ship said jokingly to Donald: "Sir, you're dripping water all over my clean deck."
>
> Whereupon Donald haughtily answered, "I never stay where I'm not wanted," and immediately walked overboard into the sea, so he had to be fished up all over again. . . .

THERE WAS a magician in our office last week, trying to persuade us to publish his autobiography. "I need the money," he confessed. "For ten years steadily I've been sawing a woman in half, and with my luck, I always ended up with the half that eats!"

BENNETT CERF.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

V. Sackville-West

"This gifted writer has made St. Teresa of Avila and St. Thérèse of Lisieux come alive for us as vividly as Franz Werfel has given us Bernadette. For all readers these two saints will cease to be statues and become flesh and blood."—*Virginia Kirkus.*

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Aldridge's Accent on Elementals

THE SEA EAGLE. By James Aldridge. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1944. 310 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THE quality that sets this book apart from all the other war stories we are reading is the pervading sense of dispassion and timelessness which Aldridge gets into it. That and the general quality of the writing, which is high, but chiefly that. His tale is contemporary enough in material, about the desperate hand-to-hand struggle in Crete between the Greek patriots and some stranded Australian soldiers on one hand, and the Nazis plus the Greek fascist collaborators on the other. It is told in terms of action wherever possible; when you look back you note how one critical moment of explosive event has been strung to the next with little space for talk, and that talk always clipped and tense, action-conscious. Yet even as these things are happening, the meeting with the Germans on a Cretan hillside or the attack upon a Metaxist island stronghold, this last a stunning scene, their immediacy is shrouded in an atmosphere removed and already historic. The tone is heroic, the emotion elegiac.

I have not read Aldridge's earlier war book and do not know whether he achieved a similar effect there. Here it is reached by an accenting of elementals rather than specifics. This is a war story of men in conflict for land, for freedom, perhaps for a welter of motives less clear than these, but it might, with very little change in date and name and place, be a story about any war in history. These warring men are starkly constant in type. The real things about them are not their uniforms or names, or even what exactly they are fighting for, but their qualities: courage, endurance, integrity,—and their experiences: pain, exaltation, patience, death. You will remember such an accenting of elementals in Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms." This is one line of kinship between Aldridge and Hemingway; there are others, stylistic and temperamental.

James Aldridge

But I want to suggest one other source of Aldridge's effect here that is not derivative. He has made the attempt to approximate, in English, the sound and idiom, the music of Greek speech. It is a matter of curious understatement, of elaborate politeness about small things and stark laconicism about large, of telling an event that has just stopped happening as though it were long a part of mellowed history. Perhaps one who can read Greek will best be able to form a judgment of how good this approximation is. It seems at any rate to be at least this successful: the English is altered in mood, it is as though, in music, the scale had reverted to the Doric. All effects and values are changed with it, and there is a close psychological sympathy with the Greek personality achieved almost entirely by means of this linguistic device. By the same token the Australian characters suffer. Treated with the same obliqueness, they are denuded of their own robust characteristics and seem to be so many bigger and strangely foreign Greeks, moving through a legendary pageant of arms. This is an inevitable loss—the verisimilitude of the contemporary character, the actual, known color of this, today's, war, different from any other. Aldridge's story does not seem as real today as the stories our best correspondents are turning out—and I am not forgetting he is a soldier—but it may perhaps seem realer in some future anthology of war, where contemporaneity will matter less than the distillation of danger and courage and death, the stuff of war.

High Tide

By Dilys Bennett Laing

THE leaf is wonderfully veined
but what I love about the leaf
is not its image, but its art
of metaphor. Itself is brief

but through its sunlit tissues, stained
with phantoms of a greener tide,
eternal oceans wash the heart
and monstrous fishes shine and glide.

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Mountain Youth

SWING THE BIG-EYED RABBIT. By John Pleasant McCoy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1944. 283 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

MR. McCOY, as a first novelist, is a very diverting and a slightly disturbing young man. He has taken his title from the name of a quaint mountain folk dance but he has written his story about the less quaint but no less authentic figures of the lecherous lady school teacher and the big boy pupil in the snickering folk lore of these United States. Around that story as it involves young, eager Artemis Collins, Mr. McCoy has drawn the comic and also tragic conjunction of fanatic Baptist morality and the very natural mountain young.

Mr. McCoy has not written his book as satire either of the poor, quaint mountain folk who seem to be toughly able to take care of themselves, or of the often satirically belabored missionary fanatic. Obviously enough he is on the side of sin, whether it be the gigging of canned goods out of the commissary or fornication among the students and teachers, as against the pompous puritanism of Preacher Peabody. But his one purpose is telling a good, lively, often bawdy story.

I was never quite convinced that Mr. McCoy was very deeply concerned about the eagerness of his Artemis for education and the glories of the outland world. Perhaps the stupid righteousness of Preacher Peabody made a nonsensical tragedy of his aspirations. But Artemis's brother Zeb seemed the sounder fellow. Sin in his case became the basis for satisfactory married mountain life. Altogether it seemed to me that the chief teaching of the Cumberland Mission School (as presided over by Mr. McCoy, rather than Preacher Peabody) was a preference for the animals over the angels as the angels are represented by Preacher Peabody and his kind.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 518)

C. W. ELIOT:
FOUR AMERICAN LEADERS
(WASHINGTON)

He called the writers of the Press "infamous scribblers." But it must be confessed that the newspapers of Washington's time surpass those of the present day . . . in lack of prophetic insight and just appreciation of men and events.

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•

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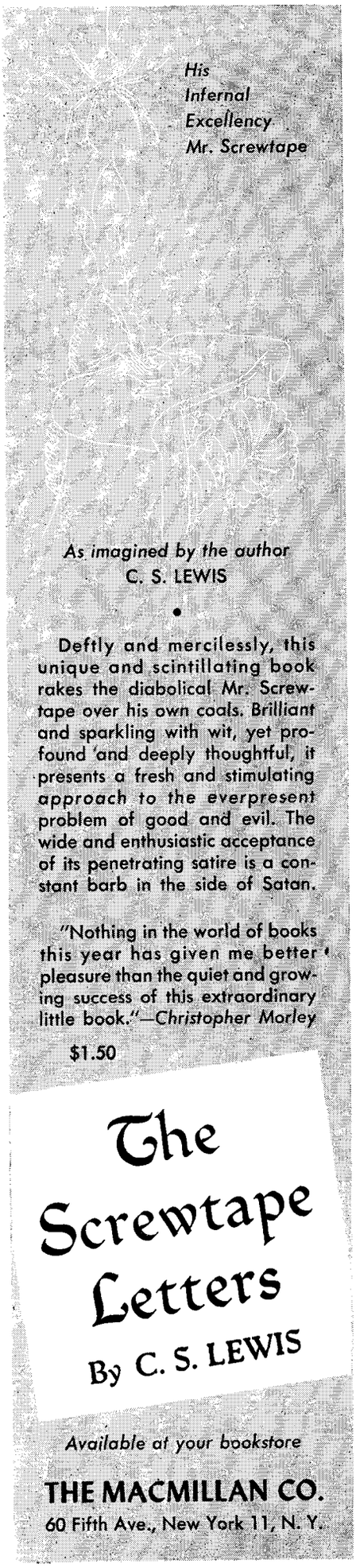

As imagined by the author
C. S. LEWIS

•

Deftly and mercilessly, this unique and scintillating book rakes the diabolical Mr. Screwtape over his own coals. Brilliant and sparkling with wit, yet profound and deeply thoughtful, it presents a fresh and stimulating approach to the everpresent problem of good and evil. The wide and enthusiastic acceptance of its penetrating satire is a constant barb in the side of Satan.

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The Screwtape Letters

By C. S. LEWIS

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A Witty First Novel

AGAIN IN OCTOBER. By Lillian Van Ness. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 262*pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS brilliantly written first novel is much better by the inch than by the yard: it is not altogether clear what the author wants the book as a whole to say (and one feels it straining in the attempt to say something prodigious), but page by page it is consistently bright and amusing. It tells two stories,—one, in retrospect, of a shattered marriage, and the other of a confused young intellectual's choosing between the attainable and the unobtainable. She sensibly chooses the former. There is no steady conduct of the narrative, but both stories emerge haphazardly from the thoughts and memories of the two women, the deserted wife and her young cousin; the rather chaotic recollections can be described better as hedge-hopping than as any streaming of consciousness. The hub of the narratives is an October day, from which, as on spokes, the women's ruminations dart to the rim of the past.

All the characters are witty, complicated, and sophisticated, and their speech and thoughts are richly metaphorical. The result is a sort of dazzling elegance, with the brittleness and sparkle of Mr. Frost's wintry birches, but without the tedious cuteness of Meredith's conceits. The novelist keeps us interested even when her characters fail to do so. Gussie, the divorcee, is so very shrewd and tolerant and humorous that we wonder why John fled her charms, but of course we get only her side of the story. It seems, however, that he lacked spiritual privacy, and rebelled against her perfectionism. After a not unhappy holiday of fifteen years he returns to her and they cheerfully set out to profit by experience. Our interest in these people and the younger generation is quite detached and intellectual, for they do not concern us very much as real people. For instance, at a critical moment in her life, when her happiness as well as that of others dear to her is threatened, Gussie says to herself, "Honesty is the touchstone. I want to draw breath more than I want to lie beneath the sod, and I have been fooling myself, wanting it both ways. It is singleness of purpose that counts. . ." And so on—how can one take seriously these people too finely strung, too introspective and sensitive? But even when the reader is perplexed, he can follow them with delight from page to page. Whoever Lillian Van Ness is (not to know her perhaps argues this reviewer himself unknown) she writes very well indeed; she is a novelist worth watching.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

KISSES IN POETRY

Miss Beatrice LaForce, of San Diego, California, is the creator of this "kiss quiz," which consists of 20 quotations about kisses from well-known poems by 20 different poets. Allowing 5 points for each quotation you can identify, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 25.

1. Jenny kiss'd me when we met.
2. One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize tonight.
3. I dare not ask a kiss, I dare not beg a smile. . . .
4. Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty, youth's a stuff will not endure.
5. First time he kissed me, he but only kissed the fingers of this hand wherewith I write.
6. An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot.
7. O pale, pale now, those rosy lips I oft hae kissed sae fondly!
8. And there I shut her wild eyes with kisses four.
9. They almost devour me with kisses.
10. Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her.
11. And Ah! the passive Lip I kiss'd, how many Kisses might it take—and give!
12. What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why, I have forgotten.
13. Or leave a kiss but in the cup. . . .
14. Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.
15. Strephon's kiss was lost in jest, Robin's lost in play. . . .
16. What is a kiss . . . a rosy dot over the i of Loving.
17. Dear as remembered kisses after death. . . .
18. The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up, he quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
19. Let thy love in kisses rain on my lips and eyelids pale. . . .
20. Who ran to help me when I fell and would some pretty story tell, or kiss the place to make it well?

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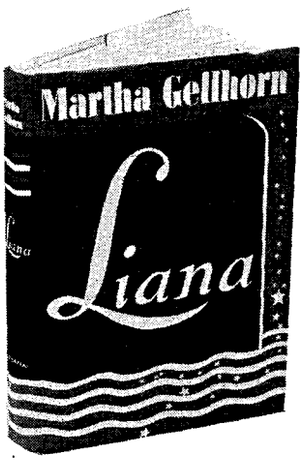

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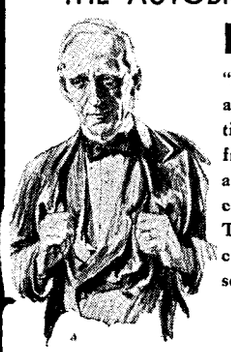

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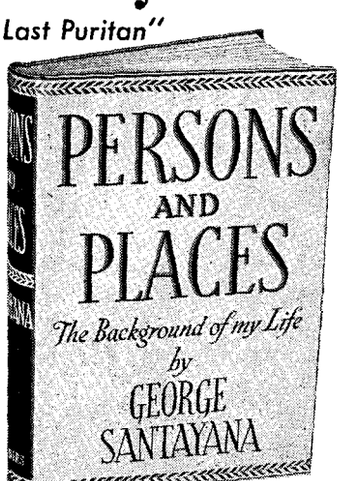

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IS THERE A CASE FOR JAPANESE LITERATURE?

(*Continued from page* 6)

even to the blasé reader of contemporary European or American realism. But the point is they are only "touches," subordinate elements in stories of warriors and heroes and ghosts and folk-people. Japanese literature does not face facts bluntly. Except in the writing of the past few decades I have found little evidence of the spirit of Zola or Tolstoy or Hardy.

In the face of present events in the Far East it may seem strange to insist that the Japanese are romantics. They make good soldiers. They manifest courage. They respect the details of logistics. But, and this, I submit, is convincing proof of their romanticism: isolated from the world for centuries, never successfully invaded, they have grown up in the conviction that as sons-of-heaven they can face the world with the same success that, in past centuries, they threw off the invasion of Kublai Khan, defeated a weak China in 1894, and punished a Czaristic Russia a few years later. No, the Japanese are incurably romantic, in life as well as in literature. Who but romantics would seriously hold that they were descendants of the sun-goddess?

* * *

So far in this paper, drawing my evidence from literature, I have presented the Japanese national character adversely. I have argued that as a people they have given no evidence of great intellectual leadership, that they move formally and by code, that their culture is largely derivative and imitative, that while they handle details brilliantly and conduct short literary efforts with great success, they lack the staying power to create masterpieces on wide canvases, that they lack a sense of humor and an ability to laugh at themselves, that the democratic spirit is alien to them, and that they are, essentially, romantics.

But the evidence is not all so condemnatory. Were I to limit this consideration to two types of writing—the *tanka* and *Nō*—and ignore history and fiction and philosophy, much more favorable impressions should be recorded.

* * *

Probably no literature in the world shows so complete a realization of the beauties and moods of external nature. Every Japanese has something of the Wordsworth in him. But, unlike Wordsworth, Japanese poets are content to suggest, to imply, and to leave the reader to discover the idea—there is rarely a moral—for himself. I shall never forget the surprise with which, on the morning of that first snowfall in Kagoshima, I went to teach my classes as usual, only to find that the whole school had been dismissed for the day to walk about the countryside and observe the wonders wrought by a snowstorm. Snowfall-viewing-parties, cherry-blossom-viewing-parties, iris-bloom-viewing-parties, chrysanthemum-viewing-parties—these are real and esthetic adventures to the Nipponese. Such affairs may be hedged about by formalities, but a deep-seated concern for the glorious moments of nature is genuine with all of them—from the aristocrat to the peasant.

That something of this regard for nature, something, too, of the Japanese capacity for suggestion and creating an impression in short verse forms may be brought again to the mind of the reader, I quote the translations of two poems, one from "Japanese Poetry," by Curtis H. Page, and one from "The Bamboo Broom," by H. G. Henderson:

The autumn dews are silvery white—
And I would fain be told

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How they can paint whole forests in
a night
Brown, scarlet, crimson, gold.
(*Toshiyuki*)

It's so very cool
That even the moon may be asleep—
There in the pool!
(*Ryusui*)

In their verse, then, and in the *Nō* dramas—which short as they are cannot be quoted here—the Japanese manifest their highest literary qualities. They show a supreme sense of form, a capacity for infinite polish and economy, and a poetic interest in the concrete. In these two forms are also evident a great ability to suggest, a deft impressionism, a carefully restrained emotion. These are high qualities. The *"tanka"* and the *Nō* are, furthermore, original contributions to the literary types of world literature made by this unoriginal people. It is their limitation that they evince fancy more often than imagination, prettiness rather than power.

The most distinctive feature about the house in which I lived in Kagoshima, the house from which I set forth on that snowy morning—was the collection of dwarfed trees in the garden. From my study window I could look off over the blue waters of the Bay of Ginko to the island mountain of Sakurajima—a scene capable of inspiring as sensitive a verse as any Japanese ever wrote. Before me in my garden, swept and garnished until no blade of grass was allowed to raise its head, was a long row of trees in flower-pots—dwarfed plums, stunted cherries, trained for a hundred years or more to odd shapes and never permitted to grow beyond a foot or two in height. In season each put forth its blossoms, the white-tinged-with-pink of the cherry, the deep, almost blood-red of the plum—sturdy growths stunted into grotesque shapes by the art of the gardener.

As I now recall those oddly dwarfed trees they somehow appear a symbol for the character of the people revealed to me through my reading of these fifty books. Japanese literature offers no rivals to Euripides, Dante, Shakespeare. Vigor, capacity for sustained effort, imagination—these qualities are largely absent.

Perhaps today this evidence is important.

Addison Hibbard is Dean of the College of Liberal Arts at Northwestern University.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 37

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 37 will be found in the next issue.

AL CXHHWPQ VWZZ, AL
BLAFWPLGQ XDWQ PGAK;
ZJSW QLHW EXZZ BXZH ECW
HIQEJO VXYPJO QBPGAK.
HXRWQEJO QJZWAOW!

—*BXZWQEJAW.*

—PWKJAXZF CWYWP.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 36

WHEN I SEE A MERCHANT OVER-POLITE TO HIS CUSTOMERS, BEGGING THEM TO TASTE A LITTLE BRANDY AND THROWING HALF HIS GOODS ON THE COUNTER,—THINKS I, THAT MAN HAS AN AXE TO GRIND.—*WHO'LL TURN GRINDSTONES.*

—CHARLES MINER.

Who was he...
and why did he return?

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Don't gulp as though you ate alum,
But garb your gams in McCallum,
In gossamer dancing sheers!
(*Poke a couple of pearls in your ears!*)
The female of gremlin is gremline—
See your coat's quite short of your
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And presents in a clear-cut drama
The wriggling shoulders of Momma!
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Let us ship you express collect!
But with our cottons it's better
To order by style-letter
And state second color choice
In no uncertain voice!
So, Girlie, let's have your views—
For here is THE GREAT BIG NEWS!

Recently *The Times* carried a story about memorial meetings to be held to observe the anniversary of the death of Carlo Tresca, the Italian radical leader who was assassinated a year ago. Police and investigators of the District Attorney's office still are seeking the killer. Mr. Tresca had worked persistently as an anti-Fascist for a new Italy. I knew him slightly in his later phase, having met him several times around town. He was a free man and a brave man. The incident recorded below, in verses written a little while after his death, is a true one. The child was my grandson.

TRESCA

Who killed Tresca?
Will we ever know?
A free man, he used to go
across this country
to and fro.
The workers knew
where his gage was thrown.
He laughed in Atlanta
at walls of stone.

He blazed with ire,
he loved to joke;
his long desire
was to free the folk.
He wrote and spoke
with force and fire.

I know a child,
in the Christmas days,
that the good giant
bent down to praise.
The blond child bowed,
smiled and took
the great big hand.
Gravely, they shook.

"He makes bright Christmas!"
Tresca said,
who days later
in the street lay dead.
This has not changed
since life began:
the dark and deranged
kill the brave glad man.

Tresca loved food,
friends, women, and wine;
the cruel he hated,
the cold hard swine.
I never met him
when his days were wild,
but I will remember
how he praised a child.

Earle Walbridge, consistent (and welcome) caller-of-my-attention, calls my attention to the death of Sir Charles G. D. Roberts of Canada. Maybe I am mistaken but I think it was to him that the late Richard Hovey addressed his verses, "A Toast," in "Songs from Vagabondia":

Here's a health to thee, Roberts,
And here's a health to me;
And here's to all the pretty girls
From Denver to the sea!

which has always reminded me a little of Byron's lines to Tom Moore. In any event, here is Walbridge's tribute:

His "Kindred of the Wild," "The Haunters of the Silences," "The House in the Water," "Red Fox," and "By the Marshes of Minas" entranced me when I was a boy in Vermont. But first of all stands "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," which reviewers called "a classic

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twentieth-century romance," "A poem in its beauty, a scientific treatise in the minuteness of its woodcraft," "Like a breath of the forest put into articulate speech." The romance was conceived in London, according to the biography by E. M. Pomeroy (Ryerson Press, 1943) while he was sitting in Kensington Gardens and thinking wistfully of his own Canadian wilds—the Dorchester Woods and the Trantamar Marshes of New Brunswick. Roberts visited his friend, Richard Le Gallienne, while writing the book, at Chiddingford, and told him about the new book which he was calling "The Folk of the Ancient Wood." "Not 'The Folk of the Ancient Wood,'" exclaimed Le Gallienne, "Call it 'The Heart of the Ancient Wood'!" Its spell is still potent; my friend Joe Ruffler of the Reference staff here found it fascinating—for one thing, he says, because he missed trees in an army camp in Texas. The human characters are a pioneer woman, Kirstie, and her daughter, Miranda, whom the creatures of the wild accept as their own. The cover design shows Kroof, the She-bear, brooding by a woodland pool.

Of course, Roberts was also one of Canada's leading poets. But I have an idea that perhaps his prose will last longer than his verse, save for one or two things.

Stanley Kidder Wilson has sent me the following from Boston. It is a good thing to have a private Saint who keeps one on the beam. Certainly Mr. Wilson's St. Francis is one of the most charming.

AVE ST. FRANCIS

I cannot stop at just one drink
  Of gin, beer, or champagne;
The most minute convivial wink
  Starts me right off again.
But I can flat teetotal go,
  All-out, serene and breezy
Behind a casual Thank you no—
    Assisi.

It's quite impossible for me
  To "drop" a murder tale,
Ev'n if it means a wee-hour spree
  And next day pumped and pale.
But I can sign a mental pledge,
  Rock-ribbed and unappeasy,
To shun the cover's entering edge—
    Assisi.

And so clear down the line it goes,
  Once "A" it's "A to Zed"—
For instance, take this poem: God knows
  I've labored the point dead.
Why ever did I spawn the thing
  (It even turns me queasy)?
But I can swear it's my last such fling—
    Assisi.

Having just spent several weeks down at the United States Court House—no, not on trial, but on juries!—I recently found myself absent-mindedly answering an argument of my wife's against the number of books that have piled up in our apartment, "Objection Overruled. You may have an Exception."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Jenny Kissed Me," by Leigh Hunt.
2. "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes.
3. "To Electra," by Robert Herrick.
4. "O Mistress Mine," from "Twelfth Night," by Shakespeare.
5. "Sonnet XXXVIII," from "Sonnets from the Portuguese," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
6. "Mandalay," by Rudyard Kipling.
7. "Highland Mary," by Robert Burns.
8. "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," by John Keats.
9. "The Children's Hour," by Henry W. Longfellow.
10. "Ulalume," by Edgar Allan Poe.
11. "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," by Edward Fitzgerald.
12. "What Lips My Lips Have Kissed," by Edna St. Vincent Millay.
13. "To Celia," by Ben Jonson.
14. "Love's Farewell," by Michael Drayton.
15. "The Look," by Sara Teasdale.
16. "Cyrano de Bergerac," by Edmond Rostand.
17. "Tears, Idle Tears," by Alfred Tennyson.
18. "Lochinvar," by Sir Walter Scott.
19. "The Indian Serenade," by Percy Bysshe Shelley.
20. "My Mother," by Jane Taylor.

PERSONALS

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(*Continued on page 26*)

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NORMAN FOERSTER: *A University Prepared for Victory*
THEODORE M. GREENE: *The Realities of Our Common Life*
ABRAHAM FLEXNER: *The Burden of Humanism*
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(*Continued from page 25*)

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PERSONALS

INFORMATION REQUESTED concerning whereabouts of letters and manuscripts by Daniel Defoe. George Healey, Cornell English Department, Ithaca, N. Y.

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WOMAN, scholarly training, research; *range modern languages, literature,* to chemistry; translated scientific, medical books, patents, modern plays, "reader" films, theatre; types, proofreading; urgently needs any paying employment. Box 177-J.

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The Crostics Club

AN amusing sequel has followed Kenneth Roberts's dictum to Mrs. McArthur (see issue of Feb. 19) that she keep her son Warren away from DC temptation, declaring that he himself "took a vow every little while never to do another. Golfers often do the same when they smash their No. 2 driver against a tree and vow, by God, that they'll never again be caught with a golf club." Mrs. McArthur evidently sent his letter to Warren—a Cornell classmate—who, in turn, answered it by a DC beautifully executed (no doubt by the inventor's drafting staff) which K. R. handed over for solution to his research staff (no doubt his wife and guests) with the following result: "There are times when I think Mrs. Kingsley is in alliance with all the powers of perversity and evil and I rise in a dignified manner and swear that never again will I sink so far as to tackle another of those bloody unfair Crostics." And his mother said she had tried in vain to interest him in DCs! It looks like war!

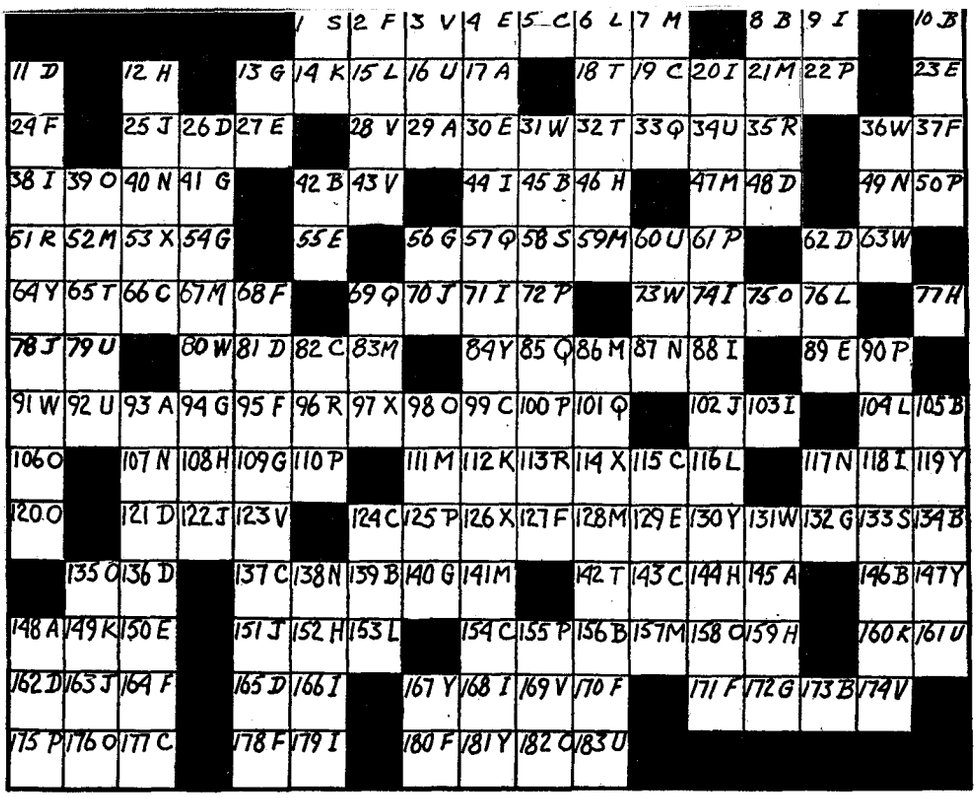
Walter Peirce, Santa Barbara, sends us this special message from John Galsworthy, found in a dog story of his called "Memories": "He (a spaniel) was instructed at the word 'cats' to rush forward with a special 'tow-row-row-ing' which he never used toward any other form of creature." So, comments Mr. Peirce, you might have disposed of yet another *w* and still have been within the pale. And, curiously enough, on the same day, comes word from Elizabeth Toms, New York, that *towrow* is used in Angela Thirkell's new book, "Growing Up," top of pg. 51. "Such use," adds Miss Toms, "somehow establishes it in the language." Shall we call it settled?

Whim-wham may strike some of you as distasteful as *tow-row,* yet I noted it lately on the title page of Irving's "Salmagundi, or the Whimwhams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff (W.I.) 1807-8."

It was Miss Toms who some six years ago invited me for an interview with Emma Bugby, feature writer of the *Herald Tribune,* and a meeting with Geoffrey Parsons, editor, all DCers. Similarly this month I met Arthur Hays Sulzberger and his able editors of *The New York Times.* When publishers and their staffs of the world's leading newspapers thus express faith in our DCs, the challenge to high standards of achievement is inevitable.

Mrs. Bruce Scott, Evanston, came across Talleyrand on Whist on a calendar years ago and has quoted it often to friends wary of card-playing. Incidentally, she has an intimate respect for our WNI, for her daughter Janet worked for two years under A. M. Pattison in chemistry definitions. (Her picture may be found in the forefront of the volume among the Special Editors, one of a half-dozen women.)

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 519

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Union Commander, victor at Battle of Gettysburg.

B. Affected with rust; rust-colored.

C. Notwithstanding; although (2 wds.)

D. A lead silver sulphantimonite in metallic fibrous masses, etc.

E. To obstruct with; block up.

F. Play by Ibsen (1894).

G. English physicist, astronomer, author (1882-).

H. A sharp-crested ridge caused by wind erosion from clayey sand (Geol.)

I. Inhabitants of orposite hemispheres.

J. Foster-mother of Moses (the *Midrash*).

K. The 6th, 7th, or 8th incarnation of Vishnu (Hindu Myth.)

L. An arbiter with the casting vote.

M. Opera by Moussorgsky.

N. Novel by Henry Adams (pen-name Francis Snow Compton).

O. A long closely fitting cloak or coat.

P. To avoid meeting fairly (3 wds.)

Q. To continue in force for a fresh period.

R. The Gloomy Dean, formerly of St. Paul's.

S. A Negro tribe of the Slave Coast, also their language.

T. A kind of small salamander.

U. The genius of sleep (Folklore).

V. A member of anyone of Turkish dynasties ruling Asia in 11-12-13 centuries.

W. One mentally deficient (comp.)

X. The complete and final product of reason (Hegelianism).

Y. Opera by Meyerbeer (with *The;* English sp.)

WORDS

A. 93 145 29 17 148

B. 156 42 10 8 146 139 45 173 105 134

C. 5 143 154 124 99 137 115 82 19 66 177

D. 62 165 162 26 11 136 81 121 48

E. 89 129 30 23 4 55 150 27

F. 171 37 178 180 95 164 68 170 2 127 24

G. 109 41 54 94 132 13 56 172 140

H. 108 12 144 46 77 152 159

I. 44 168 9 20 38 74 71 118 179 103 166 88

J. 163 102 25 122 70 151 78

K. 14 149 160 112

L. 104 153 116 76 15 6

M. 141 83 157 47 86 52 7 67 111 128 21 59

N. 107 49 117 138 40 87

O. 158 75 135 120 176 106 39 182 98

P. 90 50 22 72 155 110 125 61 100 175

Q. 57 33 101 85 69

R. 96 113 51 35

S. 133 1 58

T. 32 65 142 18

U. 79 92 34 60 183 161 16

V. 43 123 169 28 3 174

W. 91 31 36 63 80 131 73

X. 126 114 53 97

Y. 130 147 167 64 181 119 84

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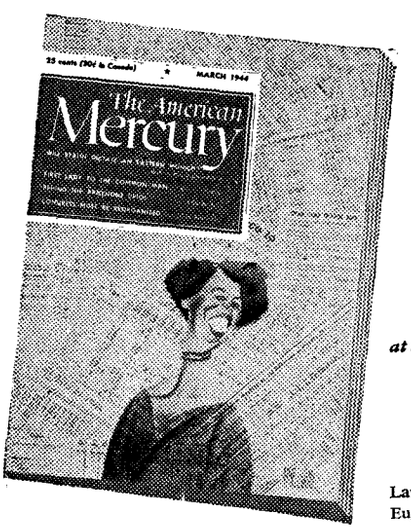

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